

Indian Missions Past and Present

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*An address at the Silver Jubilee celebration of the Marquette League,
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WHEN celebrating a jubilee, I am reminded of an experience in my very early life, just after the Civil War, when the veterans were coming home to relate their deeds of prowess and hair-breadth escapes. My child's imagination set me wondering how the story would have run if those who had gone down in death with honor could have lived to tell it.

So it is of those who founded the Marquette League. I know of no other Catholic organization that began so modestly, that worked so efficaciously, that has produced such solid and beneficent results. One cannot think of the originator of the League, Dr. Ganss, accomplished musician and specialist in the study of Luther, without many an endearing recollection. Pastor as he was near the Indian school at Carlisle, he developed an interest in the welfare of the Catholic Indian and his interest was not merely sentimental but practical, because it inspired him to work hand in hand with Father Ketcham, then Director of the Catholic Indian Bureau in Washington, and also to enlist prominent Catholic men, in this and in other cities, to work for the welfare of the Indian. I doubt if I have ever met a more cultivated or zealous priest, or any one more tactful and charming in manner. All too young, he left us to mourn his departure.

Much as the Marquette League has done, by building chapels for the Indians, supporting catechists for them, clothing them and coming to their relief in times of stress or disaster, perhaps its more important achievement still was, in its early days, to bring influence to bear upon the authorities in Washington to do justice to the Indians, especially to the Catholics among them. One of the greatest gratifications of this jubilee celebration is to know that for years before Monsignor Ketcham died he could report, as his successor, Monsignor Hughes can report now, that the

relations of the Catholic Indian Bureau in Washington and the members of the Government who are responsible for the temporal welfare of the Indian are mutually amicable and helpful. Mr. Edward Eyre was the principal factor in all this.

It is but proper on an occasion like this that we should review briefly the story of the pioneer Catholic missionaries in this country. To review this story adequately would require hundreds of lectures and volumes of books. Much of it is in the *Relations* of the Jesuits in New France. A great deal is contained in Father Englehardt's story of the California Missions of the Franciscans, which work I am glad to note has at length come into favor. Then there are *Relations* of the Jesuits in the far southwest, principally of Father Kino. But there is a vast series of chapters missing which no doubt will come to light some day, about what was known as the Florida Mission, extending from the Gulf of Mexico up to the borders of the St. Lawrence, and perhaps as far west as Lake Erie, fully a century before the missionaries evangelized New France. In that vast territory there were principally Franciscans, fully sixty of whom are on record as martyrs for the Faith. There were Jesuits and Dominicans and secular priests, lay brothers also.

However, though I would not attempt in one address to speak of the work, trials, sufferings and the heroic deaths of these men, it is fortunate that they were all characterized by the same spirit, and by the same virtues, and, in the main, by the same experiences. This makes it easy to give in this brief address some estimate of their lives and work.

Take, for instance, the man after whom our League is named, Marquette. Because of the singular opportunities which fell to his lot, he stands out, perhaps, as the most brilliant and gallant and dashing and daring of all the missionaries, but it is safe to say that any one of the 322 Jesuits who came to New France and of the similar number of Franciscans, Sulpicians and secular priests, during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, was lacking nothing of these traits. The same is true of the missionaries who came from the south into the Gulf and up into the lower parts of what is now the United States; of those also who worked on the far western border.

It should be kept in mind that the pioneer missionaries were also volunteers. Although as priests or Religious, they

would have come to these shores by virtue of obedience, they really came because of their own importunate petitions to come here. There was room for their work at home, of course, whether in France or Spain or Portugal. In France alone, at the very time that the Jesuits were coming to New France, there was need of a St. Vincent de Paul and his priests of the Mission. There was need of a John Francis Regis for the home missions, and of a St. Francis de Sales. There was need of men for the great colleges which the Jesuits had to man in France. And yet superiors could not satisfy the demands of their subjects for permission to come to what was then a more arduous mission than Alaska is now, described as it is by the present Pontiff as the most arduous mission of these times.

It should be kept in mind also that our pioneer missionaries were not chosen for the missions because they were unfitted for the distinguished work of their colleges and their pulpits at home. It is really difficult for us to conceive the refinement and the civilization and the culture of France, for instance, from which the first Jesuit missionaries came to the Canadian shores. Indeed, the seventeenth century was remarkable for the number of distinguished men, everywhere in Europe, in every field of learning and achievement. There were in England Shakespeare and Milton, Fletcher and Ben Jonson; in Spain Calderón, Alarcón, Lope de Vega, Cervantes; in France Corneille, Molière, Richelieu and his French Academy with Boileau, Bossuet, La Fontaine, Racine among its members; there was Galileo and his telescope, Torricelli and his barometer, Napier and his logarithms, Mersenne and his vibrations, Gassendi, the Bacon of France, Harvey and circulation of blood, Bacon and his principle of induction, Malpighi and physiology, Kepler, Gascoigne, Van Helmont, von Guericke. Among the philosophers there were Spinoza, Descartes, Pascal, Locke; among the painters, Velazquez, Murillo, Rembrandt, Rubens, Grimaldi, René, Domenichino, Dolci. It is surprising, also, how common was the exchange of culture among the various countries of that time when national barriers were not so exclusive as they are today.

The Jesuits of the day were not only the associates, but in their schools were the masters of men of this type, like Corneille, Molière, Descartes, Mersenne, Bossuet, De Sales, Richelieu, Montesquieu, Buffon.

Besides excelling in learning and other cultural accomplishments, the pioneer missionaries to this country were men of extraordinary moral qualities. For their arduous mission no ordinary virtue would suffice. Patience, courage, endurance, determination, and the optimism that grows out of confidence in God were absolutely necessary for their perseverance, living as they had to live, among peoples that were debauched and degraded, cruel in the extreme, treacherous, vulgar, and superstitious.

The missionaries were not content to live secluded at a distance in their own civilized manner, and approach the Indian villages occasionally; they must live among them and as far as could be like them, following them to the hunt, canoeing with them to the fisheries, traveling by river, by lake, and by land, and doing their own share of paddling and carrying the luggage over the portage. They had to live in cabins blinded with smoke, and even in dugouts of snow. They had to eat food vilely prepared. Yet with all these inconveniences and discomforts and perils, they could write the famous *Relations*, which are the very foundations of our early history. They could master the difficult languages and write grammars and prepare dictionaries. They were fond of nature study. They could make their own observations in astronomy, meteorology, geodetics, orography, seismology, and exploration, ethnography, the science of which one of them, Lafitau, was the founder.

All this was only, as it were, a by-product of their lives. First and foremost, they came for the conversion of the Indian. They were blind to his vices, but they had a clear eye for his slightest merit and for the possibility of his salvation and perfection. They were not content merely to instruct and baptize, and now and then administer the Sacraments. They sought to implant in their neophytes virtues of the highest order; and the most absorbing pages of the *Relations* tell of the delight they felt over the slightest evidence of virtue and heroism on the part of their Indian converts. Their zeal was richly rewarded. How they delighted to tell of such instances of heroic virtue as that of the Algonquin woman captive among the Mohawks. Escaping in the midst of winter, she diverted them from her trail, and for a month of hard winter went from the Mohawk Valley to her reservation at Caughnawaga, opposite Montreal, with scarcely any covering, with bark and roots for food. Yet on

arriving, mindful of modesty, she dared not approach the village until by her cries she had got some of her fellow-villagers to bring her covering. Catherine Tegakwitha, the cause of whose beatification is now in process, was only one of the fruits of the missionaries' holiness.

Although they came to these shores under the auspices of their Government in those days, it is a mistake to think that they thought either of possessing territory or promoting trade. Their one emblem was the Cross. When Jogues and Raymbault made that first western exploration to Sault Ste. Marie, they did not display the Fleur-de-lis, but they planted the Cross. When Marquette made his brilliant discovery of the Mississippi his one thought was of establishing kindly relations with the Indians on either shore of that great river, leaving to Joliet to observe and to report what would be of interest to the civil government in their great exploration.

Although the missionaries had abandoned their native country, they did not lose interest in the religious welfare of its people. On the contrary, by their letters and other communications, they aroused throughout France a spirit of enthusiasm and zeal for the missions which had never before been known. The first *Relation* written by the convert Huguenot, now a Jesuit, LeJeune, inspired the people of France with an astonishing gift of faith and zeal. What is true of the missionaries from France is true also of the missionaries of that day from Spain, Portugal and in smaller numbers from Italy and some of the Low Countries.

We are sometimes asked to explain what is wrongly termed the failure of Catholic missions. It is only part of that larger question—why, after so many centuries, so many peoples are still pagan. The answer needs but a moment's reflection.

There is first the great difficulty of vocations, as we call it, that is, of getting proper candidates for the missions. No one dare presume to adopt this mode of life unless called. If it is so difficult for one cultivated mind to convey ordinary knowledge to another also cultivated, how much more difficult it is to impart the knowledge of sacred things to minds enveloped in the darkness of barbarism! There are the long years of preparation needed, strength of body as well as of mind. Then there are the perils of the missionary life itself, disease, epidemic, savage treachery,

difficulties of language. Often there is the interference of governments, political and sectarian interference. Scarcely were the missionaries in Acadia beginning to civilize the Souriquois when the British pirate, Argall, invaded their territory and took the missionaries away captive. Similar treatment was accorded to Canadian missionaries later, in 1628, by another British invasion. In our own time and country Father De Smet and his followers had made any number of converts in the seventy or more United States Indian Reservations. It was ruled during the Grant administration that thereafter no missionary should be permitted to enter any reservation in which a mission of his Church had not already been established. This confined Catholic missionaries to eight reservations and excluded them from the Catholics of the other sixty-four.

Even when the missionaries have overcome all the first obstacles, learned the necessary languages and won the confidence of their peoples, there is such a thing as persecution and torture and death. Besides the eight Jesuit missionaries in New France, who have been beatified as martyrs, there are eleven others who died for the Faith in the space of 140 years, just as the sixty or more Franciscans, Dominicans and Jesuits perished in martyrdom in the Florida missions. But why dwell on this point when only the other day, on the feast of St. Paul of the Cross, the Passionists of this very province received news from China of the martyrdom of three of their missionaries! Then, worst of all, there is the destruction of the missions by faithless governments, like the destruction of the Reductions in Paraguay and closing of the missions on the California coast.

It is eminently proper that we should be making these considerations just at this time when there is such universal and ardent interest in the missions. To the glory of the present Pontiff, the Catholic missions in the entire world have been brought under a central authority at Rome. It is not so long ago since the United States was itself classed as a missionary country. Scarcely was its status altered when it fairly leaped into the vanguard of the nations doing missionary work. Not so long ago this country used to look abroad for missionary men and women and for money also. Now, on the contrary, we are sending to every corner of the earth men and women and money in abundance. Witness, for instance, what Maryknoll is doing and try to recall its

beginning with the beloved Father Price down in the Carolinas, and compare its present gigantic work with those lowly beginnings. So, too, of the Columban Fathers in the West and of the many Religious Orders of men and women who are sending their members even to the uttermost parts of the earth. I remember not so long ago visiting the late Monsignor Edwards and a young priest coming in to speak to him about missions in China. Father Edwards thought he desired a collection and offered him some money. The answer was: "No, not money, but men." He told how he was recruiting missionaries. Some years after, I met him after he had made a retreat of forty days and was about to return to his mission. He told me modestly that there are now ninety-four priests, two dioceses and that very soon China was to have her first Plenary Council.

If all this could be done when the Pontiff of the missions was still a prisoner in the Vatican, what may we hope for now that he is not only released, but independent and free once more. It is these reflections that should prompt us on this day of Jubilee to support more generously than ever every missionary enterprise and particularly those which have a right to our support. Let us cease making the distinction between home and foreign missions. They are all one; they all belong to Christ and they should all be an object of immediate and intimate concern.

The Church and the Indians

RT. REV. MSGR. JOHN P. CHIDWICK

A sermon preached on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the Marquette League, in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, May 5, 1929

ONE of the most distinguished diplomats of our country, who at one time was an eminent member of the Senate of the United States, has characterized the record of our country's relations to the Indians as the darkest page in her history. Much as we love our country, we must acknowledge that her countenance has worn a different expression when turned to the east than it has when turned to the west. Facing the Atlantic it has been benign, benevolent, and

blessed, but turned to the mountains and plains of the west, it has been dark, threatening, and cruel. Millions from foreign lands and their descendants acclaim her, but the children of the plains and the forests, whose land this country was, have little by which to remember her but broken pledges, violated treaties, scraps of paper, as they were driven from reservation to reservation, despoiled of their land, robbed of their patrimony, and given but little chance to rise to the dignity and independence of our citizenship. It is to be hoped that in these days when our country stands foremost among the nations in endeavoring to effect a worldwide peace that the Indian and his rights will not be forgotten.

The best, closest, most enduring, most faithful, and most self-sacrificing friend the aborigines of our land have had is the Catholic Church. She sent her missionaries to them when the veil was first lifted from these shores. They came not for profit, but for souls; not to get nor to take, but to give and bestow. They came to Christianize, civilize, and save. They looked upon Indian nature as human nature, to be treated as that of a human being. They saw in the Indian the child of God, the potential brother of Christ, and these wonderful apostles strove, toiled, slaved and sacrificed self to make him so.

If at times the missionaries came with a flag as well as a cross, it was to the latter they had consecrated their lives; and to instruct and inspire unto fealty to it and love of it, they faced innumerable dangers and hardships, and endured tortures from the unwilling and ungrateful which seem to us to be too diabolical even for savages to inflict and too superhuman for mortal men to bear.

As the Saviour came from the home of His Eternal Father to the world of misery and sin that He might redeem our stricken and fallen race, the missionaries came from homes of culture and refinement to bury themselves in the loathsomeness of paganism and savagery, to be other Christs, friends and brothers of the abandoned, to enlighten, purify, sanctify, and save. High upon the scroll of honor of which America loves to boast, whose names and deeds the Indians can never forget and which are a part of the world's inheritance for the inspiration of future generations of mankind, are the Church's Las Casases of the South, the Junipers of the West, the Jogueses of the East, the Breboeufs,

Lallemants and Goupils of the North, and the Marquettes and Hennipens along the Mississippi.

Hundreds of intrepid souls fired with the same indomitable heroism as were the fearless and indefatigable apostolic pioneers, took the torch from weary and falling hands and carried it through forests and valleys, across mountains and plains, rivers and lakes, wherever an Indian trail led, throughout the length and breadth of this vast country. Often their only companion was Jesus in the sacrifice of the Mass, with whose sacrificial blood they at times gave their own. Their only weapon was the cross they held in their hands.

Tribe after tribe, submitting to the gentle Nazarene, was pacified, their passionate nature controlled and, throwing aside their warlike ways, they gave themselves to the pursuits of peace. Many were the communities which outflowered into gardens of Christian virtue wherein the sweetest and noblest flowers of perfection were to be found. Who can regard, unmoved by admiration and compassion, those Indian chiefs from Maine, who journeyed from home in 1791, to petition Bishop Carroll of Baltimore to give them a spiritual shepherd and pastor for their people?

Poverty of means and dearth of priests were the only obstacles which ever hindered the Church in her work for the Indian—not toil nor danger nor sacrifice nor hardship—until the so-called Peace Policy of 1870.

It came quickly upon the heels of the mighty achievement of that giant of God, that fugitive from home that he might be a captive of Christ, that Pentecostal flame, that marvelous son of Loyola, Rev. Father Peter John de Smet, who emblazoned the vast country of the red men from the Mississippi to the Pacific with fire of the love of Jesus Christ.

The "Peace Policy" was good in intent but infamous in its application. By the unscrupulous manipulations of Catholic-hating agencies, 80,000 Catholic Indians were herded into reservations where no priest was allowed to enter. The practices of their Faith were denied them. They were the fruit of three and a half centuries of indefatigable toil and untold sacrifices on the part of Catholic missionaries and, as wards of this freedom-loving nation, these children of the Catholic Faith were wantonly stripped of the Faith of their fathers.

Then there was no cry raised by bigotry of the un-Americanism of the action, that it was unconstitutional or even inhuman; but later, when Catholic Indian parents for the better and purer training of their children, requested that these be educated by priests and Sisters in schools upon their reservations, sectarianism ran high protesting against the Government grant as one against the American spirit of the Constitution.

It was no crime to steal the souls of 80,000 Christian Indians but it was intolerably un-American to grant the natural and human cry of parents who wished to save and sanctify their children.

Thank God, our country tried in later years to remedy the injustice of which her Peace Policy had been the occasion, but not before tremendous harm had been done. Thank God, that for at least a decade in the past century she turned a deaf ear to the hypocritical cant and clamor raised against a most human and natural cry of parental love; and thank God, she recognized the right of the Indian to freedom of conscience and of education, and especially the right of the Indian parent to use his own money for the education of his own children in the schools of his own choice.

It was to meet the menace of these crises in Indian affairs that the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions was established by the Bishops of our country in their Third Plenary Council, and the Bureau by its wisdom, tact, fairness, and devotion, commending itself to the Indian executives at Washington, has ever enjoyed their confidence and has ever been the unfailing champion and friend of those committed to its care.

There was inspired by God at a later day a woman of gentle breeding, of fortune and of heart, to whom was granted the noble vocation to consecrate her life and all she had to the two greatest missions in our land, the Indian and the Negro. She has ever since been a giant pillar of strength to the Church in America in these two sadly needy fields of our Faith's endeavor.

Twenty-five years ago, Rev. Father Ganss, a priest of very unusual ability and culture, who had dedicated his ministry to the cause of Catholic Indians, came to this metropolis of Catholicity to plead for the safeguarding of our Faith among the Indians. That great American Ozanam of charity, whose magnificent work for the poor, the af-

flicted, and the abandoned, commended itself so highly to the charity workers of all creeds in our country that they selected him to be their leader, Mr. Thomas M. Mulry, immediately enlisted in the cause and by his influence gathered together prominent members of the St. Vincent de Paul Society who formed the nucleus of our silver-gloried Marquette League.

Many of these founders have passed to their eternal reward, but a few have been spared to rejoice in this day's achievement. It is our joy and privilege to remember among these that generous and beautiful soul, Mr. Edward Eyre, the League's first President, whose liberality, zeal, and wisdom laid the foundation of what we are privileged to rejoice in today. For them, especially, and for their devoted successors, to glorify those who have gone before and to beg grace upon those who yet remain in the flesh, prayers and Masses are offered today from grateful hearts, and the richness of the offerings no tongue can bespeak. They are bright with the tears of penitent paganism lit with the joy of Christian Faith; they are jeweled with the ruby-blood of martyrs, brilliant with the answering graces from above; they are heavily laden with the heavenly preciousness of toil and sacrifices, hardships and dangers, steadfastness and courage, for Christ's sake endured for three centuries and a half. They are enriched by that Christian fortitude and forgiveness and resignation, in which the Catholic Indian regards the stranger who has seized his lands and has given him little more than crying and cruel injustice in return. The American conscience has no more been disturbed by the heinousness of our country's treatment of the Indian than is the water of a lake by the falling of a leaf upon its bosom.

Although the Marquette League is an independent organization, it has always striven to work in harmony and cooperation with the larger and national center of Indian work, the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions. The League has been a most valuable auxiliary. It has done its work modestly and unpretentiously, but efficiently and significantly. It has helped build and support chapels and schools, maintain priests and Sisters, and its contribution to Indian welfare for the last twenty-five years will soon reach the splendid figure of \$1,000,000.

During the last eight years, the work has been intensified and unprecedentedly successful through the energy, enter-

prise, ability, and zeal of the present unwearied and vigilant Reverend Director and his brilliant predecessor, whose work commanded attention from the Hierarchy to advance him to a higher and more responsible position. Capable, devoted, self-effacing, and eminent laymen have guided its destinies, and one of rare power and distinction now gladly sacrifices his time and attention to enable it to reach its high and holy purpose.

The Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions at Washington has paid the following tribute to the work of the League. "During a quarter of a century, by the charitable donations of its members, totaling \$1,000,000, by the sympathetic interest of its Board of Directors, including personal visitations of the missions and valuable information furnished Congress, by the devoted service of the lay workers in the New York office and by the zeal of its especially well-informed priestly leaders, the Marquette League has rendered a service to American missions which only the Indian missionary priests and Sisters can adequately describe."

The field in which it is working ought to compel love and devotion of every Catholic American. It is an inheritance which should be among the foremost and greatest of the concerns of the Catholic American. It comes to us as one of the great glories of the Church, brilliant with martyr toil, sacrifice and blood, and resplendent with constancy and courage in face of the most woeful vicissitudes and gruelling persecution.

It should be among our dearest devotions, because of its preciousness and its absolute dependence upon us for its protection and preservation. One hundred thousand souls are its jewels in the crown of Catholicity; 100,000 souls are yet waiting for the light, 100,000 are separated from us in faith, some of whose forebears were of the Fold but were forcibly driven from us. Two hundred self-sacrificing priests are carrying on Christ's work among them; in 340 churches and chapels the souls of the Faithful are nourished; 450 gentle women have left home and all things to help maintain them in their Christian faith and practices and attend them in their hospitals and schools. Seven thousand Catholic children fill the mission schools, 6,000 more are in Government schools, for many of which, sad to say, no Catholic priest is provided, while 10,000 more children are unreached by religious or school facilities.

Catholic America must be awakened to its responsibility. Our missionaries, men and women, must not be left without support, schools and churches must be multiplied, laborers must be increased. The Faithful must be made safe and secure, the stolen fully reclaimed, the obstinate won over to satiate the thirst of the Saviour on the cross.

Gratefully we pay tribute to the heroic sons of St. Ignatius and St. Francis who have ever labored and sacrificed in this trying and often dangerous field of missionary zeal, from the beginning to the present day; to the noble apostolic souls of the Benedictine and Oblate Fathers and the splendid secular priests who have thrown themselves with ardor and vigor into this battle for Christ; to the self-immolation of those wonderful women of the Blessed Sacrament, of St. Ursula, St. Joseph and St. Francis, without whose maternal love and care, schools and hospitals would be blighted; and with all our heart we appeal to Catholic America to awaken from the indifference to those of the household of Faith who are knocking at their doors for assistance.

Thank God for the fire of the Holy Ghost, which has descended upon us in these days to expand our vision of duty to the Universal Church! We are sending our youth, aflame with American energy, enterprise, and daring, to bear the light of Faith to lands where the light struggles with overwhelming darkness; but the American Indian has been almost as far away from our thought and sympathy as any distant pagan people.

We cannot forget that, as part of this great nation, we must bear part of the burden of her injustice toward the Indian; that we owe reparation; that we owe it to God to see that His suffering children who have borne with persecution and despoliation for 300 years and have stood steadfast in the Faith shall be upheld, encouraged, and maintained. We Catholics alone, blessed with the true Faith of Jesus Christ and its innumerable graces, can give reason to the Indian, despite all that he has suffered, to thank God for the white man's coming unto him. Let this be our slogan: Reparation to the Indian for our country's wrongs; practical peace now and joy to the Indian for the Faith with which we can bless him.

Shall We Send Our Indians to the Cities?

JOSEPH A. GSCHWEND, S.J.

An article by the Editor of "Jesuit Missions," reprinted from "America," August 10, 1929

DURING the month of July, a Senate Investigation Committee has been at work on the Indian Reservations. The writer does not question the Committee's sincerity or hard work. However, not being endowed with an all-seeing eye and an all-comprehending mind such as enabled the Senate Committee to "study" the Indian situation in a vast territory of some 15,000 square miles in two or three days, the writer found that three weeks were scarcely sufficient to give him anything like a comprehensive idea of the Indian problem on the Sioux Reservations of South Dakota.

The writer, long before his trip to South Dakota, had made something of a study of the American Indians. He had read up on the subject and had discussed the Indian and his problems and his mode of life with men who had given years to the work of evangelizing and civilizing the red man of the Dakota prairies. From these men he learned to know the Indian as he is in reality, in daily life at school, and off in his tent or tepee or log cabin or small house out on the plain. The men who had been burned brown by exposure in the cause of Indian welfare had not drawn their knowledge from beautiful illustrations that one may find in magazines or books, nor yet from heroic Indian figures that adorn our art galleries and museums, or are stamped on our coins.

After many conversations held with old missionaries on the Reservation, and after personal observations made at the schools and among the Indians themselves, one feels rather convinced that the problem of training the Indian along lines of white civilization and industry is a slow and painful process. One understands, too, the danger involved in following out in practice the suggestion of certain poorly informed investigators, that the Indian should be sent into the city and made to shift for himself.

The Indian on the Reservation is only slowly emerging from the nomadic life of his ancestors. He has not yet entirely overcome his lassitude, his old-time aversion to strenuous work. Put him into competition with the white man of the city, and, most likely, it would be only a matter of weeks or months till the red man would find himself established for life in the slums of our cities. That he is not ready to compete with the white man in the latter's industries, is evident from the experience right out on the prairie where the white settler soon outstrips his Indian neighbor, and where even the well-trained Indian, who has been through some eastern school or other, soon lapses again into his old ways.

Handicapped in this sphere, the Indian has yet another weakness which would make him a losing player in the game of life in our cities. That weakness is the Indian's ignorance of the value of money. He simply has not yet learned its value, and consequently still needs the guiding and helping hand of the Indian Agency and the missionary to teach him to provide for a rainy day. Left to himself, the Indian would soon squander his money on useless items, while he would be lacking food and clothing, the very necessities of life. This is not theory. Any Indian Agent on the Reservation and any missionary among the Dakota red men can give proofs aplenty of this very point.

We with our centuries of civilization behind us must not forget that the Indian is but little more than a generation removed from his sire who roamed the prairie at will and found his food and clothing, meager as both were, at hand for him in the wild animals that also roamed the prairie or found shelter in the scattered patches of woodland, in the canons and river valleys. Circumstances have made it impossible for the Indian to continue his nomadic life. All are agreed on that, and even the Indian has stolidly resigned himself to the situation. But it is quite another matter to rush the red man through a civilization that will enable him to compete with the whites in an industrial world that is all the white man's making. In many ways the Indian, according to the white man's standard, is still a child, and he needs a child's attention and care. To cast him into the rush and whirl of city life is to enter him in a race hopelessly handicapped.

Advocates of this policy of shipping the Indians off

the Reservation may argue that each of them would be sufficiently equipped with training and given some money to start life anew in civilized surroundings. Daily experience on the Reservation simply proves that the Indian has not yet reached the stage where he can take advantage of favorable circumstances to better his condition, particularly where there is question of competing with the white man. One must see the Indian in his home life to realize this. We in our large cities, hearing no more of the old uprisings or massacres, have quietly taken it for granted that he is fast becoming like his white neighbor.

Experience among the Indians simply disproves this. There is a great deal of intermarriage between mixed bloods and whites, and some between full-blooded Indians and whites, but it will take many years more before the old red man of the chase and the hunt has disappeared, and the Indian has grown accustomed to work that of old he considered the work of the squaw.

One must grant that some Indians are doing encouragingly well. They are trying hard to make something of the land allotted to them, even though failure of crops, due to poor soil, annual hailstorms, untimely frosts and lack of rain is more discouraging to them than to the tried white farmer. The Government, instead of considering the policy of herding the Indian to the city slums to die, might well do more to encourage those on the Reservation who are making efforts. This encouragement might take the form of more instruction in farming, of help in digging wells to procure necessary water for cattle, of making it possible for the Indian farmer to provide necessary farm implements, and so on. The writer saw one farm where the Indian was at least moderately industrious, but where he was forced to drive his wagon some three or four miles each day to get water for his family and his cattle. The women of the household were not idle either, for they were trying to bring in money by first-class bead work. And yet, this Indian found it hard to make headway, and his two-room log cabin presented no cheery outlook for a family. This home, by the way, is but a sample of a type found all over the Reservation. Is it surprising that under such handicaps hygienic and health conditions are poor and disease stalks the Indian home?

It does seem most likely that the Indians will gradually

minge with the whites and more or less lose their identity, but all this is future development and will come only slowly. To cast the Indian into complete city setting at once, would be nothing less than to destroy the red man completely. The early history of our nation is replete enough with injustice done the Indian. Let us not add another deliberate error to the disgraceful past. Leave the Indian where he is; help him in his gradual growth towards industrial and farm life; but do not expect him to be completely competent in a day. The history of the rise of our own barbarian ancestors was hardly that. Show the Indian how he can help himself; continue to encourage him and guide him, being careful at the same time not to make him entirely dependent on the Government. He needs constructive help, but he should not be hand-fed.

Efforts have been made to induce the Indian to work his land into farms of some promise at least. There has been very marked progress when one measures conditions with what they were twenty-five years ago. Compared with the progress made by his white neighbor, of course, the Indian's advance looks small, but the fact is that those who have observed him and lived with him can see decided progress. Could not the Government continue its work of farm encouragement even more energetically, and also introduce ranch work and dairying and trades?

Furthermore, viewing the matter from a totally different angle, that of religion, the Indian would be poorer in the city than he is now on the Reservation. On the Reservation he can receive the ministrations of missionaries who have cared enough for him to learn his language, and have come to minister to his spiritual needs. Gradually he has been won away from his superstitious practices and cults and has come to know and love the one true God. He has been raised from his low moral standard to a much higher one. But still, one must not forget that his blood is Indian and still tainted with the old leanings. Thrown, then, in such a condition, into the immoral surroundings that threaten the life of our American people in the large cities, it is more than conjecture to say that the Indian would soon become a prey to the white man's evils of drink and immorality, and that his growing daughters would soon be led, in innocent credulity, into places and circumstances that would ruin them, body and soul.

Let our Senate Investigation Committee on Indian affairs *really* investigate and *thoroughly* investigate the depths of the Indian problem. If we send the Indian into the city, we shall likely be rid of him, but our consciences shall be the more heavily burdened and our hands the bloodier. Yes, we need investigation, but not superficial investigation which listens to a few malcontents and takes their version of the situation as the true one; but we need careful and long study of the Indian situation as it is in reality, out on the open prairie and along the canon and in the schools where the Indian can be known as he is, with his good points and his weak points. Then our remedies may look to a real advance for the Indian.

The Holiest Place in the United States

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IN traveling about Europe, one finds it difficult to avoid shrines and places of pilgrimage, there are so many of them. Here is the exact spot where a martyr shed his blood, there is the village which a saint has sanctified by his ministrations, everywhere are priceless relics and unforgettable memories. Europe has an abundance of such rich treasures that have been heaping up during the centuries. But in our own country we are woefully poor in the matter of memories and shrines. In the few centuries of history that we have, we have managed to amass enormous wealth and to dominate the world by our inventions and manufactures and commerce. We have been so eminently successful in material things that we find, or profess to find, little need of the things of the spirit. We are so very young and immature as a nation that we have a tendency to consider the past as only a shadow and the present as the great reality. However, there is growing up a consciousness that the past is not a dead shadow but rather that it is a living spirit which may point to us ideals and which may incite in us inspiration.

In the shallow historical background that we have in these young United States, there is one group of figures and one scene that should be most precious to us. The heroes are Isaac Jogues, René Goupil and John Lalande, and the place is the old Indian village that was located near the present Auriesville, New York. Father Jogues was a pioneer in New York. In the late summer of 1642, while paddling along the St. Lawrence River on his return trip to his mission among the Hurons, he was captured by the Iroquois, the shrewdest, as well as the bravest and the fiercest of all the Indian tribes in North America. He was carried a captive through Lake Champlain and Lake George, and then across the hill country to the Indian village on the banks of the Mohawk River. With him was René Goupil, a young layman who had devoted his life to the assistance of the Indian missionaries.

Every known species of torture was applied to these two brave captives by the Indian masters. They ran the gauntlet and were beaten with clubs and thongs, they were burned with live coals and prodded with pointed sticks, their beards were plucked out and their fingers were chewed off. Not many days after their arrival, René Goupil was tomahawked because he made the Sign of the Cross upon the forehead of an Indian child. Father Jogues was spared for a more bitter fate, that of a slave in the Indian village and of a beast of burden for the hunting trips. Though he had many opportunities for escape, he preferred to remain the captive because he felt that the Christians held by the Iroquois needed him in their dying moments and because he was winning the souls of many an Indian child for heaven by baptizing it before it died.

He was prevailed upon to take means to escape after fourteen months of slavery. He found friends among the Dutch colonists of New Amsterdam and was protected by them until he found passage on a ship sailing for Europe. So haggard and travel-worn was he when he arrived at the Jesuit college in Rennes that his brothers did not recognize him. When he did reveal his identity, he was honored and feted throughout France. But he was not happy, for his hands and fingers were so mutilated that he could not say Mass. A petition was made to Pope Urban VIII, and a gracious answer was received: "It would not be right that a martyr of Christ should not drink the blood of Christ."

Father Jogues rejoiced in this wonderful favor, but even then he was not happy. He wanted to rid himself of the luxury and the honor of France and to plunge himself once more in the danger and the hardships of the missions. After six months in Europe, he sailed once more for New France.

In 1646, he was chosen as ambassador to the Iroquois who were negotiating a peace treaty with the colonists. So successful was he in this enterprise that he persuaded his superiors to permit him to go to the Iroquois as a missionary. When he arrived on his third visit to Auriesville he was accompanied by another young lay assistant, John Lalande. The Indians were again on the war path and Father Jogues was once more made captive. His fate and that of his companion were settled. On October 18, 1646, Isaac Jogues became a martyr of Christ, and on the following day John Lalande followed him to glory.

Standing upon that hilltop on which these three brave men faced death, sends a thrill of devotion through the most sluggish soul. Across the peaceful Mohawk, winding in the valley below, they forded their way to the hillside. They climbed their Calvary the while their naked backs were cut and bruised by the double file of Indians through whom they passed. On this ground now carpeted with grass and decorated with trees, they spent weary months in foul and filthy Indian huts. The late summer nights are calm and still now; but when these heroes stood upon this hilltop, the nights were a frenzy of madness and barbarity. Here the martyrs shed their blood and here they died for love of God. Beneath the sod, somewhere on the crest of the hill, are the sacred skulls of Jogues and of Lalande, and in the ravine nearby repose the priceless relics that were once the living bones of René Goupil.

Auriesville is a sacred place for every American, particularly if that American be a Catholic. It has been sanctified by the red blood of Christ's heroes, so declared by our Holy Father when he recently pronounced them the first American martyrs. For us, their successors in the Faith, Auriesville should be a shrine of devotion and a revered sanctuary of pilgrimage.